Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you ſir, How much carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marrie ſir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then three farthings worth of Silke.

Caſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt imploy thee;
As thou wilt my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Clow. I ſhall know ſir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou muſt know firſt.

Clo. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after-noone:
Harke ſlaue, it is but this;
The Princes comes to hunt heere in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her whyte hand ſee thou doe commend
This ſeal'd-vp counſaile, There's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O ſweet gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweet gardon. I will doe it ſir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Ber. O, and I forſooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humorous ſigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Conſtable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe Don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed ſoueraigne of ſighes and groanes:

Liedge

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces,
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parritors (O my little heart)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his Colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germaine Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may ſtill goe right:
Nay, to be periurde, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to loue the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch balls ſtucke in her face for eyes,
I, and by heauen one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her guarde
And I to ſigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, ſigh, pray, ſue grone,
Some men muſt loue my Lady, and ſome Ione.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladi Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that ſpurd his horſe ſo
Againſt the ſteepe vpriſing of the hill?

Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was, a ſhew'd a mounting min
Well Lords to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,
On Saturday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forreſter* my friend, Where is the Buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?